COCIETY CHRONICLES

JULIA MURDOCK'S THEATER GOSSIP



Von Bernstorffs Will Reach Capital Tonight



-Copyright, Harris-Ewing MISS VIRGINIA LESEURE. One of Debutantes of the Coming Seaand Granddaughter of Former Speaker Cannon.

The Naval Attache of the Japanes embassy, Commander Shigetoshi Take-uchi, who has been spending some time in Boston, spent yesterday in Newport as the guest of Capt William B. Caperton, U. S. N., commandant of the Narragansett Naval Station. He will in Washington this evening.

The military attache of the Japanese embassy, Lieut. Col. Kazutsugu Inouye, has returned to Washington from trip to Central America and the West

The Charge d'Affaires of the Argen tine legation and Mme. Maniel E. Mal-bran are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at their residence,

Brig, Gen. George Franklin Chase, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Chase and the Misses Chase, who spent the last two years on Governors Island, N. Y., General Chase's last post before his retirement last spring, have taken an apartment in the Dresden for this winter. Miss Emily Tevts Chase made her

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roosevelt have returned from their summer place at Sayville, L. I., and have opened their Washington residence for the winter. During the latter part of the summer Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt made a motor trip through New England, visiting the various North Shore resorts.

and Mrs. Fremont-Smith leave Bar Harbor, where they have spent the summer, within the next week and make a series of visits before returning to Washington early next

ley, who have recently arrived in Wash ington from abroad, where they spent the summer, and who have been at the Grafton this week, have opened their residence in Sixteenth street for the winter.

Mrs. Frank Ellis left Washington yesterday for Virginia Hot Springs to spend the autumn season. She spent the summer at Osterville and Bar Har hor, returning to Washington a week

Mrs. James F. Barbour and Miss Mar guerite Barbour, who spent the last two months in Atlantic City, have returned to Washington. Mrs. Barbeur and Miss Barbour spent most of the summer a

Mrs. Norton, wife of Capt. Harold P. Norton, U. S. N., who went to New York last week to see her brother-inlaw and sister, the French Minister to Sweden and Mme. Thiebaut, off to their home abroad, is now in Boston for a fortnight with another sister, Mrs. William Manning Irwin, wife of Captain Irwin, U. S. N., retired. Mrs. Irwin was operated upon recently and is now convalencing. Miss Mary Irwin, who was to have accompanied her uncle and aunt to Stockholm to make her debut there this season, did not go on account of her mother's illness.

Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of the chief of staff of the army, has as her guest her sister, Mrs. Albert L. Key, wife of

Mrs. William H. Clagett, of the Marihorough, has as her guest her son-in-law and daughter, Pay Inspector Edmund W. Bonnaffon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bonnaffon, of Philadelphia

Mrs. Ernst and Miss Ernst, wife an daughter of Brig. Gen O. H. Ernst. U. S. A., will arrive in Washington today to join General Ernst at their residence in Connecticut avenue.

Rear Admiral John E. Pillsbury, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pilisbury are expected to arrive in Washington today from Lenox, Mass, where they spent the

Mrs. I. T. Mann and Miss Elizabeth Mrs. I. T. Mann and Miss Elizabeth
Hickey, who agent the last month
abroad, have returned to Washington,
and Mrs. Mann has opened her residence in Sixteenth street for the winter.

Brinker.

O. C. Brothers, Jr., will be best man
for Dr. Ivy.

After the wedding Dr. Ivy and his
folds will leave Washington for their
future home in Mississippi.

The German Ambassador and Bar onesss von Bernstorff, who are now in New York will arrive in Washington this evening accompanied by Major von Herwarth, military at-tache, of the embassy who went to New York to meet them upon their

arrival from Europe yesterday.

Mrs. Tisdel and the Misses Tisdel have returned to Washington, after spending

The naval attache of the Russian en Dassy, Captain Vassilleff, who went to New York to bid bon voyage to the retiring military attache of the em-bassy, Baron de Bode and his sister, Baroness de Bode, who have salled for Europe, will return to Washington to

Senator du Pont, of Delaware and his son, Henry F. du Pont, who spent the the summer abroad, arrived in New yesterday on the Kaiserin Au-

Capt. Ethelbert D. Breckenridge, U S. A., and Mrs. Breckenridge, who have recently arrived in Washing-ton from Panama, where Captain Breckenridge has been stationed, are last. Perhaps it is the interesting mysthe guests of Mrs. Breckenridge's father, William F. Mattingly in his residence in H street.

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, another daughter of Mr. Mattingly, is spending some time in Washing

who spent the last few days in Washington, have rented the Nightingale estate at Warwick Neck, R. I., for an indefinite time.

partner of the present ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick, has pur-chased a large tract of land in the northern suburbs of Washington where he will begin the construction where he will of a winter residence. -+-

Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee, the latter s daughter of Judge William A. Maury, of Washington, have leased a house near Dupont Circle for this winter.

Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, who spen the summer in Bar Harbor, has re turned to Washington and has opened her house in K street for the winter.

The American Minister to Belgium Larz Anderson, who spent last week in Washington, has returned to Boston.

The Secretary of State, who recently arrived in Washington from Japan, has joined the President at Beverly. Mass., and will be the guest of the President and Mrs. Taft on a motor trip to Porti mouth and Portland.

Mrs. Knox is spending a few days in

Captain Vassillef, naval attache of the Russian embassy, will return to Wash-ington this afternoon from New York, where he went to bid Baron de Bode, the retiring military attache, and his sister, Baroness Elizabeth de Bode, bon voyage. Baron and Baroness de Bode sailed for Russia this morning.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Breckinridge Bayne, the latter formerly Miss Olga Roose yelt, have taken a house on Q stree for the winter. Mrs. Bayne and her infor the daughter, Olga, are now the guests of Dr. Bayne's brother-in-law and sis-ter, Mr. and Mrs. David Tennant, at their country place in Virginia.

The Secretary of State and Mrs.
Knox arrived in Washington yesterday
from Japan, where they went to attend
the funeral of the Emperor, the Secreof this Government.

The party also included Ranaford S Miller, chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department, who accompanied Mr. Knox as his secretary. Huntington Wilson, Asaistant Secretary of State, went to Chicago to meet the Secretary and his party.

Mrs. MacVeagh, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, closed her summer home at Dublin, N. H., yesterday and went to Chicago for a brief visit before coming to Washington for the winter. The Secretary will join her in Washing immediately after election.

Mrs. Pay, wife of Ensign R. S. Fay, U. S. N., who has spent the summer in Newport and Boston, has arrived in Washington for a visit to her parents. Dr. Frank Anderson, U. S. N., and Mrs.

Mrs. Fay and her sister, Miss Anderson, will go to Annapolis tomorrow for a few days to attend the marriage of Miss Burton Starr and Ensign Bright on

Mrs. Charles H. Poor has opened her house in Twenty-first street for the win-ter after spending the summer at Lake Skaneateles. Her daughter, Mrs. Maus. wife of Brig. Gen. Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., of Vancouver, Washington, spent the last five weeks with he mother, returning to Washington with her about a week ago. En route they spent a week in Atlantic City. Mrs. Maus is spending this week in Annapolls with her sister, Mrs. Roscoe C. Bulmer, and upon her return will be with her mother until early in Decem-

The marriage of Miss Mary Louise Brinker, daughter of General J. H. Brinker, formerly of West Point, Miss., to Dr. Wallis S. Ivy, of West Point, will take place Wednesday afternoon. November 6, at 2 o'clock in the apartment of General Brinker in the Alabams. An informal reception will follow the wedding ceremony, which will be attended by the relatives and a few

intimate friends.

Miss Brinker will have as her attendants her two sisters, Mrs. Lamar Ross, of Jackson, Miss., and Miss Zallie

Julia Murdock Says Old Operas Are More Tuneful Than the New

Chimes of Normandy" Brings Out High Praise From Critics.

"Les Cloches de Corneville," of which "The Chimes of Normandy" is the English rendition, had its initial performance on the stage of the Folies Drama tiques in Paris on April 19, 1877. This week it is being sung to good sized audiences at the Belasco, after an al-most continuous run of thirty-five years, six months and four days; And New York is full of fallures and the list grows! Ah, well, there were not se many attempts in the old days, and more successes. In this day of the Viennese Opera, was amusing to lis-ten to the haunting refrain from popuiar tunes which certain operas of the mentioned have appropriated as being their own individual style. Perhaps it is the simple turnefulnes

"Chimes" which has made it of the tery of the plot, for it really has one or perhaps it is the genuineness of the characters, in combination with all of the other good points. Didn't you ever know a good-for-nothing little vivacious shrew like Serpolette, or a satis-fied idiot like Gobo? The year follow-ing the opening of the "Chimes" in Paris, it was brought out at the Globe Theater, in London, with Shell Barry famous at the time as England's great est character actor, in the role of Gas pard, and with Kate Munroe, an Ameri can singer of the day, as Serpolette The work had its American premier and I wonder how many who read this remember it-by the Hess Opera Company, in New York, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, October 22, 1877.

Vinie Daly Makes Ideal Serpolette.

The role of the naughty Serpolette is intrusted to Miss Vinie Daly, and not one bit of its charm is lost in her hands. Miss Daly can dance, sing, and act Her Serpolette is just what it should be a bold, naughty, redheaded, healthy girl who never takes anything seriously, and who has a good heart in spite of her-She squabbles and quarrels, and for all her poverty, makes herself so attractive to poor Grenechieux, that he actually besitates between her and demure and refined little Germaine.

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published
David Rylance, late lieutenant in the
British Army in South Africa, upon his
arrival in Leeds, England, where his sister lives, finds her in a dying condition
through want, this, although he has left
with his uncle, John Iblister, sufficient
funds for the girl's maintenance. His
uncle tells him that the funds have been
misappropriated and that he, Isbister, is
a ruined man, after which he kills himself. Rylance, suspected of murdering
him, is sought for by the police. Because
of his dying sister he does not attempt
to clear himself till too late, for another
murder and several assaults have been
committed and laid at his door. Because
of the various, widely seperated places
where he has been seen, he is given the
sobriquet of "The Cricket of Leeds."
Kirkwood, a Scotland Yard detective, is
called in. He sacertains that the Cricket
is the man who saved his life during the
Boer war (receiving the Victoria Cross for
the deach; and therefore determines that
he cannot be guilty, and that he will give
him the hearest the second of the cannot be guilty, and that he will give

the cannot be guilty, and that he will give him the chance to escape and clear him-self. He seeks Rylance with this pur-pose. The Leeds police department learns of the relations between Kirkwood and Rylance, and start in pursuit.

CHAPTER VII.

The Man From the Sea.

sweating as a result of another turn in the stokehole, he had returned to the deck. His fellow-workers had gone for-ward, but he made his way astern, and leaning over the taffrail, gazed moodily into the seething white wake of the

on the secting white wake of the vessel.

On the right of the ship the Laurentians still rose dark and sinister. On the left was the low shore of the Island of Orleans, and the light of the full moon revealed the well-kept fields and orchards, the neat farm dwellings, and the great stretches of woodland beyond the hills.

Long he stood there thinking: then his face grew whiter, and he began to pace restlessly to and fro. His gaze wandered most frequently toward the shore of the island, scarcely three-quarters of a mile away.

The moment had been well chosen, for, as the bow of the vessel was turning toward the northern shone, the stern moved toward pert and left the diver clear of the screw.

The suction created by the swinging around of the great hull baffles his efforts to regain the surface for several moments, however, and he already had guiped down a deal of water before his head rose above the tide. Once more the swiriling river closed above him, and again he fought his way to the surface. The waters now grew quieter, and he succeeded in keeping himself affoat.

Rylance was a viscorous swimmer and

B "Cha

UT, though lost to the Beowulf, "Charles Burdick" was not



MISS VINIE DALY.

part of Serpolette in the Hammerstein production of this opera in London.

Miss Daly has won laurels on the
Italian grand opera stage, both on the
continent and in England, under the stage name of Vera Vindali, Prior to Tosca, Santazza, Marguerite, and others of equal importance, she had acquired Count, Germaine and the Baillie was an international reputation as a child encored last night, and was one of the

Catchy Music and Good Acting Characterize Revival by Aborn Company.

naine that Serpolette would try to ge maine that Serpolette would try to get ahead of. From the ranks of a crowd-ed musical comedy cast to the higher realm of classic opera is the transition which has just been effected by Miss

A petite and winning personality coupled with a resonant voice of evident excellent schooling, were the points which led the impressari to draft her for the stellar opera cast of the Aborn productions. Miss Leen is an actress of no mean ability, as is shown by her assurance and poise in her part. It was manifested a season or more ago in her work as the "Pearl Malden" in "Three Twins."

The quaint and dramatic character of The quaint and dramatic character or Gaspard is taken by William Wolff, who has essaped the part more than 1,000 times. His Gaspard is a vivid cre-ation, and a bass voice of excellent quality leaves nothing to be desired in the way of vocal attainments, but it might be suggested that since it takes some time to set the act, Gaspard's scene, with his gold in the chateau, be

Mr. Wolff's singing of "The Bird Has lown" shows his voice to rare advantage, and dramatically speaking, is an excellent piece of work. Carl Haydn is heard as Grenechieux, and is a fat. happy, mistreated, lover who vaciliates one sweetheart to another with delightful inconsistency, not at all in accordance with his prosale obesity. Musical Numbers

Are Real Melodies.

The "Chimes of Normandy" has sevborder on comedy, are of unusual beauty. Grenechieux's song "Oh Dear." Oh Dear." in the castle hall of the haunted chateau with Serpolette, the Count, Germaine and the Baillie was

geins of the evening.

The comedy roles of Gobo, and the Baillie were in the capable hands of John Stone Flynn, and William H. White, while the chorus does excellent work, but their voices seem immature when compared with those of Miss con and Miss Daly. At the fair, and Miss Dalsy Leon is the Germaine and ceptional beauty, several dancing num-is to be sure. "Look at That, Look at bers were interpolated by the Seven This" was sung with a daintiness and Grunathos and the Borlook, a quartet

JULIA MURDOCK.

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

BILLY PIG'S ESCAPE.

said, "I want you to go to your grandmother's. I have put in this basket a pot of honey and a head of lettuce, and also a jar of cream. Now do not letter by the way. but keep right on and you can get there in time for lunch and get home before dark."

Billy Pig was glad to go to his grand-mother's house, for like all grand-mothers slie always had something in usually candy.

Billy Pig put on his red cap and green coat, and with his fresh white trousers he looked spic and span when he started He had to go through the

after a while he thought he would sit down and rest. "Mother cannot call it lottering if I just alt down a minute to rest," he said.

But his minute grew into minutes, and then he thought he was hungry, and re

pocket he took it out and began to eat Now Mr. and Mrs. Bruin lived in cave in this wood, and it happened they were out walking this very morning.

membering an apple he had put in his

and came upon Billy Pig. Mrs. Bruin gave her husband a poke in the rits. "Look." she said. "there is

nice fat pig, the very thing for our chi'dren's lur

So they walked up to poor Billy Pig. and before he knew what had happened they tsood in front of him. "Hello! young fellow," said Mr. Bruin. Billy Pig dropped his apple and looked

"Where are you going?" asked M: Bruin, eyeing the basket. "I am going to my grandmother's."
answered Billy Pig. in a trembling

"What have you in that basket?" asks Mr. Bruin.

Billy Pig told him, and when Mrs.

Bruin heard "honey," she reached for "If

"There is cream, too, and a head of "What a splendid dinner that will make with a young pig thrown in." said

Mr. Bruin, laughing. my basket; my mother told me to hur-

told you to hurry?" asked Mrs. Bruin "When little pigs or little bears or litomething dreedful always happens. If you had gone right along we would not have seen you, but now I think you deserve to be punished. Come with us." Mrs. Bruin took the basket and Mr. Bruin took the trembling Billy Pig inder his arm, for he could walk much

faster than Billy Pig.

When they reached their cave the little Bruins were sitting outside waiting for them.
"What have you brought us?" they

Mr. Bruin held up Billy Pig, who was squaling and squirming.
"Oh! goody, goody," said the Little
Bruins in chorus. "Can we roast him?" said the Little

his trousers, they will

"There, there," said his mother, "don't you cry and I will make you a nice white bib out of the trousers to wear when you eat the roasted pig."
"We will not cook him for a day or two," said Mr. Bruin, "I'll build pen and fed him acorns and he will be nice and fat."

Mr. Bruin then took off Billy Pig's and the three little bears grabbed them Billy Pig could see through his pen, and he watched with aching heart the little bears. One had on his cap and another his coat, which split up the

back because it was too small. Mrs. Bruin made a bib for the other little bear from the trousers, and po Billy Pig watched them eat all the nice things that were in his basket.

"Oh. dear!" he sobbed when it grew
dark. "I wish I had not stopped in he woods. I wonder if my mother is looking for me."

Billy Pig stopped suddenly. He had thought of something. The bears had gone into their cave, and he was

"If I work fast and do not stop," said Billy Pig to himself, "I can root out of this place. I guess that smart Mr. Bruni forgot my nose. And how Billy Pig did work. He did

not stop to rest. He was rooting for his life and he did not think of resting. Poor Billy Pig began to cry. I want When the first light streak showed in the east he was out and on his way

He ran as fast as his four legs would carry him, too, for he did not want to meet any one who would ask him about his clothes.

When his mother opened the door she stared at Billy Pig with wide-open

"Where in the world have you been? she asked. "Where are your clothes, and what is the matter with your face." Billy Pig's face was covered with earth and she hardly knew her son. Billy Pig sobbed out his story, and

although his mother told hem he did very wrong to disobey her and sit down So she gave him a bath and a good

So she gave nim a bain and a good breakfast and put him to bed. He slept all day and all that night, and while he dreamed of bears and hot fire, he did not wake up until the next morning.

The constable handed to him a printed sheet.

The man who had been addressed as Pancoast re-entered the han, in which a lamp was burning. Baptiste followed him. A couple of minutes later the two men came out again.

"He has a resolute face," Pancoast said, as he closed the door behind him. "He was a brave man, and might have had a future. His mad acts have spoiled it now."

"Alas:" the old constable muttered. "And they think he has come to Canada?"

"He was traced to Liverpool, and the detectives apparently believe he took ship, for Canada. You will lock up before you go?"

ship for Canada. For will lock the fore you go?"
"Yes, yes, M. Pancost. I will lock the half."
"Good-night."
"Good-night."
Rylance had moved instinctively into the shadow of the building, and his presence was thobserved by the two hien whose conversation he had over-

Pandoast walked deliberately to where

LOCAL MENTION.



It's a most delightful, refreshing hair dressing, daintily perfumed, and free from poisonous lead or other dye. The girl with the Auburn hair

very carton and bottle of PARISIAN SAGE. Be sure and get the genuine. PARISIAN SAGE will banish dan ruff, stop falling hair and scalp itch two weeks, or your money back. That's a pretty square offer, all fair-minded people will say. Large bottle, 50 cents, at fas. O'Donnell and dealers every-where.





er preparation for such roles as Floria

Miss Daly is one of "the" Daly's of the-atrical fame, and is a niece of Dan Daly. Last season she essayed the Miss Leon is just the kind of a Ger-

and incrusted with dust that he had difficulty in opening it.

"It will do for tonight, I fancy," he sighed. "A bath in the river tomogrow will make me right again."

With a lighter heart than be had known for several weeks, he left the shanty and descended the hill to the field. Here, finding a large cabbage patch, he pulled up one of the cabbages, and with this he returned to his hut.

dancer. It is thought that in Miss Daly the Mesers. Aborn have found the desired "dancing prims donna" to create the title role in a grand opera said to be under contract, which has as its heroine a dancing girl. Miss Daly has Miss Dalay Leon is the Germaine and

THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY. THE CRICKET OF LEEDS By J. AUBREY TYSON (Copyright, The Frank A. Munney Co.) Synopsis of Chapters Already Published toward the receding wessel, but it con-barid Rylance, late lieutenant in the British Army in South Africa, upon his

toward the receding wassel, but it confident that his action had been unobserved.

For the first time since he had last preased his lips to the cold brow and lifeless hands of his sieter Rylance fettas if he was escaping from the thrait of a nightware.

The light of his destiny seemed to mingle with the light or the stars that great river through which he was slowly forging his way. The shore-line toward which he was heading became less and less indistinct, and the spirits of peace, and new effort seemed to be beckoning to him from spruce-grove and orchard.

At length was escaped to the course of the ming waves on the shore. One of lapping waves on the shore. One of lapping waves on the shore. One of lapping waves on the shore. One of this canne in violent contact with a rock. With the pain there came to king a sense of thankfulness. His feet felt for the bottom. but he found he was confidenced in the winds of the course of the morning to him a sense of thankfulness. His feet felt for the bottom. but he found he was a colar and he was unable to form the course of the morning he life in the river was a choking feeling in his from the course of the morning to him from spruce-grove and orchard.

The light of his destiny seemed to be lanket, and while from blowing the ming to the was the strength of the safers that was supplied to the was slowly forging his way. The shore-line toward which he was heading became toward which he was heading became to which he was heading became to the hing the destination of the village in a rock. With the pain there canned to be a short with a rock. With the pain there canned to be a short with a rock. With the pain there canned to be a short with a rock with the pain the cating the third one began to cry. "I want his red cap," said one. "I want his red cap," sai

ficient to relieve him of the necessity of walking barefoot to the village in a search for others.

Twice in the course of the morining he started for the village, but each time he turned back to the hut. On the Beomili the garments he was warring were befitting his environments, but here all was different.

The cloudless sky, the I right shining sun, the well-kept fields and the neat farm houses manye him reel like a vagabond. He decided, therefore, to wait until nightfall, wheu, under cover of tarkness, he would make his way to the village and purchase clothing that was more in keeping with the customs of the island.

He spent the rest of the day in the hut.

Shortly after a collect in the same rock. With the pain there came to him a sense of thankfulness. His feet felt for the bottom, but he found he was still in deep water, and with vigorous strokes he moved on. A few moments later he again tested the depth. His feet touched bottom now, and he stood creet. feet touched bottom now, and he stood creet.

Before him was a small cliff, topped by a cluster of evergreens that extended down the slope at its side.

He waded ashore slowly, and at last clear of the river, stood upon a little strip of sand and looked around him.

At the foot of the slope that led to the top of the cliff was a small field in which garden truck was growing. Beyond this, about an eighth of a mile from where he stood, were the dark outlines of a cottage and a barn on a cliff like that near which he had landed. As he had approached the shore he had seen that on the other side of this house was a cove with a village on its shores.

He had taken only a few steps when he came to a narrow path which, owing to the fact that his feet were bare, afforded a welcome relief from the stony surface he had begun to traverse.

He spent the rest of the day in the hut.
Shortly after 3 o'clock in the evening he directed his steps toward a road of which he had obtained several glimpses, and along this he was making his way to the village when he heard the sound of a wagon behind him. As he stepped aside to allow the vehicle to pass, the driver drew rein.
"Will you ride?"
The words, curtly spoken, were French.
Rylance, turning ouldly saw that the moon revealed the well-kept fields and orchards, the neat farm dwellings, and the great stretches of woodland beyond the hills.

Long he stood there thinking; then his face grew whiter, and he began to pace reatlessiv to and fro. His gaze wandered most frequently toward the shore of the island, scarcely three-quarters of a mile away.

Rylance had been on deck for nearly twenty minutes when ne observed that the course of the vessel was being altered in such a manner as to bring its head toward the northern shore of the river. He compressed his lips and glanced along the deck. None of the crew was visible. He took off his shoes and strode quickly to starboard.

There he hesitated for a couple of moments: then, after climbing over the rail, he gave a glance at the white trail left by the whirling screw and exerting all the strength of his powerful legs, he leaped clear of the vessel and plunged headlong into the dark waters of the river.

The moment had been well chosen, for, as the bow of the vessel was turning toward the northern shone, the

French.
Rylance, turning, quickly saw that the speaker was a short, thick-set man with a scraggy, gray beard. He sat on the front seat of a high-bodied light wagdn that was drawn by two powerful-looking horses.
While disalpating the larger part of his inheritance, several years before, Rylance had spent conjusterable time in Paris, and it was with a perfect Parisian accent that he thanked the strangersfor his invitation, then, stepping into the wagon, he sat down on the rear seat. seat.
"Where do you go?" the stranger

"Where do you go?" the stranger asked.
"To a clothier's."
The man on the front seat looked over his shoulder and smiled grimly. Rylance, bareheaded and disreputably clad, flushed with shame. The smile had cut him to the quick.
"Do not drive out of your way, mon-sieur." the fugitive said shortly.
"I pass the clothier's," the other an-

wered.

Five or six minutes later the wagon drew up in front of an isolated building, in front of which were displayer articles which indicated that groceries and hardware might be found within. A more earnest scrutiny of the interior of the dimly lighted shop revealed the fact that clothing also was sold over its counters.

head rose above the tide. Once more the swiring river closed above him, and again he fought his way to the surface. The waters now grew quieter, and he succeeded in keeping himself afoat.

Rylance was a vigorous swimmer, and once he was headed for the shore of the island a fear that he would fail to reach it did not enter his mind. He swam with easy, even strokes. The water was chilly and the current was fairly strong; but, heading slightly up the stream, he was soon assured of his ability to cover the necessary distance within half an hour and without fear of exhaustion.

Twice or thrice he looked anxiously

buildings bearing the signs of attorneys at law, a town hall, and two taverns.

Thinking that there must be some hotel or inn in which he might find a night's lodging and the meal he so sorely needed, Rylance strolled slowly along the thoroughfare, reading the various signs, all worded in French, until he came at last to the town hall, at two-storied stone building, with a low tower. Here the sound of a hammer attracted his attention, and as he drew nearer he saw and elderly man tacking a small sheet of paper on a sort of builetin board in front of the building. While he was thus employed a thick-set man of medium height appeared in the doorway.

"Ah, Baptiste! Are you posting another mortgage foreclosure notice?" he asked.

"Yes. M. Pancoast—oh. Pierre Lobin's little farm will be sold."

"Yes. M. Pancoast—oh. Pierre Lobin's little farm will be sold."

"Plerre has been improvident lately," the man in the doorway replied, half absently.

"Eh, well?" sighed the sign-poster; then, after a paule, he added: "But I have another."

"Another foreclosure?"

"No, it is not that. It is a reward fore murdial and the signs of a time. The was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew their nature, There was a choking feeling in his words, but he knew throat he pockets of his coat.

"Even h

then, after a pause, he added: "But I have another."

"Another foreclosure?"

"No, it is not that. It is a reward for a murderer."

"No it is not that. It is a reward for a murderer."

"An no, monsieur! There are no murderers here: but the law is the law, and when the government sends these notices to constables we must put them up, you see."

"Of course, of course. Baptiste."

"And they have sent to me from Quebec the picture of the Cricket of Leeds."

"Oh, you have his picture there, eh? Let me see it."

The constable handed to him a printed sheet.

"Love's Combat—Life's Sweetest and Most Tragic Episode." 4 Great Reels. Virginia, 2, F and G. Today.